

"Playing checkers!" exclaimed Grandfather Weatherby with a look of great surprise.

"Well, what's the harm of checkers, grandfather?" asked Dick, in rather a fretful tone. "You play checkers yourself. It was you that taught me to play."

"Yes, checkers are very well in the evening when all the work is done," said grandfather. "I believe in having fun at the right time; all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But checkers in the day time! You never saw me doing that did you?"

"Daytime's good enough," grumbled Dick.

"Yes, plenty good enough for a boy that never means to amount to anything," said the old farmer.

"I've done my chores and all that father set me to do," said Dick.

"That's just the sort of talk you hear from that sort of a boy," persisted his grandfather. "He doesn't think what he's set to do and then he sits down in the shade on a summer day and plays checkers. Why, when it was your age I could have covered every one of my twelve squares with a silver piece of my own earning. Perhaps it was because I didn't have such an easy-going father as you have got. But that ought to make the difference. A boy ought to have fun in himself and then it is sure to come out somewhere."

Dick swept his hand across the board with an impatience due partly to the keen criticism of himself, partly to his inward conviction that he deserved all that was said. But it was impossible to get angry at the half-sober, half-joking words of the genial old man.

"I guess you are about right, grandfather; I guess it was in you and it isn't in me."

"More's the pity," said his grandfather, now wholly serious. "Seems to me this isn't the kind of a world for a boy to sit back in and just do what he's told to do and nothing further. Why, everything about him seems to be saying: 'Look about you, young lubber, and see how everything is working with you if you'll only take a hand in it. Look at the earth and the sun and the rain—all ready to be your servants. You never see them idling around.'"

Grandpa Weatherby having said this, set out with sturdy strides towards his own farm a mile distant. Dick was stung more deeply by his words than the old gentleman imagined.

"Come, let's go on," urged Sam Jones, a loungee of the neighborhood. "That was a tip-top game you spoiled."

But Dick turned away from him in ill humor with himself and every one else. There was more truth in what had been said than he liked to acknowledge. He, a boy of fourteen, had never raised his hand to do anything that was not required of him, and the requirements had been very moderate. He had attended school through the school season, doing light work the while, and in the summer had engaged in the farm work in the easy-going style his grandfather had alluded to.

"I guess it is just as he says," mused Dick, as he carried the checker board into the house. "There is not many a boy about here that does not begin to look out for earning a bit by the time he is as old as I am. There, old checker board, I'm getting too awfully fond of you. You may go into the corner, and stick there, for all of me, until I have shown grandfather I'm good for something—if I can."

Dick strolled thoughtfully out into the fields, wondering in what direction he had better turn his energies. There was plenty of work all about him, and he knew well that his father would hire him and, except in the matter of the light duties which he always exacted from his sons, would pay him a fair price for his work.

"What's all that going on over in Deacon Blaisdell's fallow?" He had walked until he had reached the boundaries of his father's farm, when his attention was attracted by a wonderful amount of whooping and hallooing a little way beyond.

"It's a drove of cattle—and a big drove, too. Bad business if they get into the fallow."

He made his way out to the road which was now filled with the cattle pressing on through the dust. Deacon Blaisdell's fallow was now fenced and the drovers were making their best efforts to keep the restless herd from straying among the logs and bushes.

It would be unlike a farmer's boy not to offer his mite to help in such an emergency. Dick took his stand in the thinly manned line and by dint of persistent shouting and brandishing of branches gave valuable aid. In the course of time the drove had passed by, with the exception of one lively steer which had made its way far into the fallow.

"I'll give you fifty cents if you will get that critter out for me," said the drover to Dick.

"Ho! that'll do for my nest egg," said Dick to himself. "I'll do it, Mister," he added aloud.

Picking his way among briars and bushes until he got the steers between himself and the road, by a little maneuvering and a good deal of activity, he before long succeeded in sending the animal trotting after the rest of the herd, now some distance down the road. And then Dick came out of breath, up to the wagon driven by one of the drovers, to receive his well-earned pay.

"Poor thing, he said, looking at a calf which lay in the wagon, gasping as if in great suffering. "Is it sick?"

"Not so much that as overdriven," said the man. "We had only a few such young ones—fact is, I don't hold to taking such, but it is such a likely one I thought it might worth

through. But I guess it ain't got much chance in this hot sun, and I can't wait for it to get shade. Say," he added, pausing with the half dollar in his hand, "s'posin' you take it for your pay."

"I wonder if it'll live," said Dick.

"Well, I don't say sure 'twill," said the man. "You'll have to take your chances at that. It's only that if you manage to bring it round it's well worth \$5 to you, and if you lose it, you lose your fifty cents. You take your choice you see. It's a fine breed."

Dick was too good a farmer not to be able to see at a glance the possibilities that lay in a fine calf.

"I'll take it," he said.

The man helped him with it out of the wagon, and Dick had a hard time getting it into a shady place, where he left it lying until he could bring some cool water. The poor creature would not or could not drink, so he bathed its head and then sought the help of his mother, a reliable counselor in all matters pertaining to kindness to dumb animals, particularly of the weak and helpless sort.

"Nothing better than you have done," she said. "Let it lie in the shade and rest. By and by it will take water if it ever picks up at all."

She was right. Before night the exhausted animal lifted his head and opened its eyes as if in grateful acknowledgement of Dick's care and solicitude. After a few swallows of water it willingly took the warm milk which stood next in the list of mother's restoratives. Dick's father came around and looked at the invalid. Dick told him its history, adding: "It's coming to like everything, father."

"Good-looking calf," said his father with an approving nod.

"Yes," said Dick eagerly. "I'm going to take good care of it and feed it up, and it will make a good cow in time. Be worth a good deal, hey, father?"

"At my expense, I suppose?" said father.

Dick had not got so far as to think of that. He had only, as the worn-out animal revived, considered one side of the question—the pleasure of raising it by his own care, and becoming after awhile the proud possessor of a valuable cow. But here was the other side presented. His calf must be pastured through the summer, and when winter came on provided with food and shelter.

"Well—I don't mean just that," said Dick, after a few minutes' thought. "I want it to be every bit mine and nobody else's, and I'd like to pay you regular rates for it—that is, if you'll hire me to work, so I'll have something to pay with."

"I will," said the farmer, well pleased at seeing the boy interested in work of any kind.

Dick as we have guessed, had high hopes of the profits he was to make on his calf, which, as it quickly recovered from the effects of its march, gave good promise of not disappointing him. But he soon began to realize that it would require a very fair amount of what his father called "good, solid work," in order to provide for his new charge.

He was not naturally fond of work, and more than once felt tempted, when the weekly pay for the pasturage of his pet was coming due, to make a proposition to his father to take the animal off his hands, paying him a fair advance on what he had paid for it. But his pride always arose between him and such a way out from under the burthen he had undertaken. His piece of live-stock was doing well, increasing in size and beauty with a rapidity which he could almost see from day to day, and the older it grew the less inclined he felt to part with it.

Winter taxed him still more severely. He was then attending school, and much of the time found that it took nearly all of his leisure in the short days to provide for the support of his fast-growing animal.

"Don't work the boy too hard," said mother one day.

"It won't hurt him a bit," said father. "The vim he's showing, the steady stick it—that is, its bringing out of him is worth a long sight more than the calf is."

"Right you are," said grandfather.

"No, it won't hurt him. He gets a little time to take a game of checkers in the evening, don't he?"

"Sometimes, when he doesn't have to study," said mother laughing.

"He takes too much after you, father, to let the checkers go."

The calf quickly outgrew her calfhood, developed into a dainty young heifer, full of grace and beauty in the eyes of many beside her proud young owner and had settled down into the dignity of a young matron, when one evening grandfather Weatherby came over and challenged Dick to a tilt of checkers.

"I'll do it, sir, but you'll be likely to beat me all hollow," said Dick.

"I haven't played very much this long time."

He handed the board to the old gentleman, then stepped up to his room for a minute. Grandfather leisurely set his men and then stood in astonishment as Dick took his seat before the board.

"What—hey? What's all this?"

Dick was also setting his men—not however, the red ones that usually played against the black, but twelve shining gold pieces. He sat back in his chair and laughed at the old man's astonished face before saying:

"I'm a little older than you were, grandfather, when you set your board, with silver pieces, but as these are gold, don't you think I'm about even?"

"Ho, ho!" laughed the old man.

"He said he couldn't beat me. But I am beat the worst kind!"

"It's the price of my cow," said Dick.

"Sixty dollars, and cheap enough at that, father says. Father bought her of me, so she stays here on the farm. I wanted to sell her

and put my money into something else, but I'd hardly have the heart to let her go away. Mother says she's the best milker on the farm. And I've kept the calf, so I'll have another cow before long."

"Good for you," said grandfather, approvingly. "You have made a good start. Now listen—my farm's too big for such an old fellow as I am to see to. I'll give you an acre off it for every one of those gold pieces."

"Grandfather, you don't mean it," said Dick. "Such land as that of yours for \$5 an acre—"

"No, I don't mean that," said grandfather. "You're to keep your money to work the land, and wait till I get through. I say I'll give you the land just as long as you work it well and make the best of it. You'll need it when there are so many boys in the family besides yourself."

"I can't play checkers to-night, sir," said Dick, shaking his head as he arose and slowly gathered up his money. "I'm too much upset with my new greatness. Twelve acres. What shall I do with it? How shall begin?"

"You've got a calf to begin with," said grandfather. "Better buy a few more and go to stock-raising. When your stock outgrows your land you can sell some of it off, and then you will be able to buy more land. Only you may be sure that for every acre you want of me I shall charge you full price."—*Homestead.*

The use of calomel in the treatments of the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who, for similar troubles, have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in thoroughly remedying the malady, without injury to the system.

General Russell A. Alger.

General Russell A. Alger of Detroit, Mich., who has been elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., is a strong man and a man of national reputation. Our attention was first directed to him years ago on account of his benefactions to the poor of his city. It had become a custom of his to remember the newsboys, aggregating scores if not hundreds, on each return of Christmas with a new suit of clothes and outfit throughout. But this was not all. The widows and poor families of the city came in for recognition on this anniversary as recipients of barrels of flour, coal and wood, by the hundreds, amounting in the aggregate to tens of thousands of dollars. This custom has been observed by Gen. Alger ever since it was first inaugurated, and is probably to be continued to his death. It is not surprising, then, that the general's admirers and friends should be numerous. Gen. Alger is a native of Ohio and is 53 years of age. His parents were of New England stock, and were among the pioneers who went West at the beginning of the century. Young Alger was left an orphan at an early age, and had to shift for himself by working for farmers at the smallest wages. He managed to attend the common schools for a few months in the year and thus pick up enough to qualify him eventually for teaching district schools himself. When of age he entered a law office at Akron, and two years later, at the age of 23, was admitted to the bar. Soon after, he went to Michigan, where he gradually worked into a lumber business, having given up the practice of law on account of his health. In the first year of the war he entered the service as captain of a company in the Second Michigan cavalry. General Sheridan became colonel of this regiment in the spring of 1862, and while it was in the field near Farmington, Missouri. This was Sheridan's first regiment to command, and the orders of the governor, conveying the appointment, were delivered by Capt. Alger. Sheridan, in his memoirs, speaks of Alger in complimentary terms. Alger had command of a battalion doing independent work at the battle of Booneville, Mississippi, July 1, 1862, and exhibited fine soldier qualities. For his well earned victory in this battle, Sheridan, who commanded a brigade, was made a brigadier general, and thereafter, he kept constantly going higher up. General Alger served four years, and returned home with the rank of brevet major general, won by gallant conduct and wounds received in several of the sixty battles in which he took part. After the war he resumed the lumber business, in which he has been very successful and amassed a large fortune. It is said that among the thousands of men in his employ, there has never been a strike or disturbance, and that in all his enormous dealings he has never sued or been sued. He is a member of the Presbyterian church, and of his wide and open-handed charity the poor of Detroit bear ample witness. In 1884 General Alger was elected governor of Michigan, and after serving with signal ability for two years he declined a re-nomination. He was Michigan's candidate for the presidency before the last republican national convention in Chicago, and received 84 votes on the first ballot, running up to 142 on the fifth and standing at 100 on the final ballot which resulted in Harrison's nomination. Gen. Alger has the means, leisure, devotion and ability to make an excellent head officer of the great soldier organization, and so long as this office was to be located in the West, his selection was most fitting. He is out of politics, for the present at least.

Judge—Your age? Lady—Thirty years. Judge (incredulously)—You will have some difficulty in proving that. Lady (diffidently)—You'll find it hard to prove the contrary, as the church register that contained the entry was burned in the year 1845."

When Baby was Sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she became Teething, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Colic, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Worms, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Coughs, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Croup, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Whooping Cough, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Sore Throat, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Hoarseness, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Bronchitis, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Asthma, we gave her Castoria,
When she had Hay Fever, we gave her Castoria,
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When she had Cholera, we gave her Castoria,
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When she had Typhoid Fever, we

The time is near at hand for the meeting of the Congress of American nations in Washington. All the independent republics of Central and South America will be present, and all the West Indies except San Domingo and Hayti.

According to the original terms of the act the objects to be accomplished through the Congress are:

First—The adoption of measures tending to promote the prosperity of the several American States.

Second—Providing for the formation of an American Customs Union, under which the trade of the American nations with each other may be promoted, as far as it possibly can be, with profit to all.

Third—The establishment of regular and frequent steamship communication between the ports of the several American States and the ports of each other.

Fourth—The establishment of a uniform system of customs regulations in each of the American States to govern the mode of importation and exportation of merchandise and port dues and charges; a uniform method of determining the classification and valuation of such merchandise in the ports of each country and a uniform system of invoices and the subject of the sanitation of ships and quarantine.

Fifth—The adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures and laws to protect the patent rights, copyrights and trade marks of citizens of each country in the others and for the extradition of criminals.

Sixth—The adoption of a common silver coin, to be issued by each government, the same to be legal tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of all the American States.

Seventh—An agreement upon and recommendation for adoption to their respective governments of a definite plan of arbitration of all questions, disputes and differences that may now or hereafter exist between them, to the end that all difficulties and disputes between such nations may be peaceably settled and wars prevented.

An eighth paragraph invites the Congress to consider such other subjects relating to the welfare of the several States represented as any of the delegates may consider for their welfare.

The delegates to the conference are to be given opportunities to study of the best industrial establishments. As outlined now the trip through New England will include a visit to Fall River for the purpose of observing the making of print goods exclusively; at Willimantic the thread works alone are to claim attention; at Meriden the cutlery works; at Lynn the shoes factories; at Lawrence the carpet mills; and at Manchester the cotton mills. Not the place but the industry which has risen to pre-eminence in it is to be considered. In the large cities a somewhat different plan will be pursued. In Boston a stop of three days will be made, and the municipality and the business associations will arrange the program for the entertainment of the delegation. A visit to Harvard University is likely to occupy the greater part of one day, and then there will be a dinner and a reception, and probably a tour of the reformatory as well as educational institutions.

The record of cars accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla can never be completely written. The peculiar curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are successful when everything else has failed. If you will send for your digestion out of order, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Only Way to Become a Capitalist.

Somebody must save money; and the people who save it will be the capitalists, and they will control the organization of industry and receive the larger share of the profits. If the working men will save their money, they may be not only sharers of profits, but owners of stocks and receivers of dividends. And the working men can save their money, if they will. It is the only way in which they can permanently and surely improve their condition. Legislative reforms, improved industrial methods, may make the way easier for them, but there is no road to comfort and independence, after all, but the plain old path of steady work and sober saving. If the working people of this country would save, for the next five years, the money that they spend on beer and tobacco and base-ball, they could control a pretty large share of the capital employed in the industries by which they get their living; and they could turn the dividends of this capital from the pockets of the money-lenders into their own. There is no other way of checking the congestion of wealth and of promoting its diffusion, so expeditious, so certain and so beneficent as this. I wish the people would try it.—*Washington Gladden in September Forum.*

A Few Hens for Profit.

One of the most successful men with a few hens that we know, is Mr. A. F. Hunter, who conducts a small but very profitable poultry farm near Boston. It has been well said of him "his whole connection with poultry is his life." His papers have taught practical people to look upon him as an authority upon poultry raising topics. He is an easy pleasant writer who has learned all he knows by hard experience. For this reason alone he believes that he is especially fitted to edit a poultry paper. And we are more than gratified to receive a copy of a new poultry paper, entitled FARM-POLTRY, where Mr. Hunter figures as having entire charge of the editorial columns. The paper is to be published monthly from the house of S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., and is to be devoted entirely to the interest of persons raising poultry, on farms and in the suburbs of towns. "How to make money with a few hens" is the motto of the new paper. If any one can give points on that motto it is Mr. Hunter, for he has the faculty of making his hens lay when the prices are highest. Last year 113 pullets and 12 Bantam hens, and is to be devoted entirely to the interest of persons raising poultry, on farms and in the suburbs of towns. "How to make money with a few hens" is the motto of the new paper. If any one can give points on that motto it is Mr. Hunter, for he has the faculty of making his hens lay when the prices are highest. Last year 113 pullets and 12 Bantam hens, and is to be devoted entirely to the interest of persons raising poultry, on farms and in the suburbs of towns. "How to make money with a few hens" is the motto of the new paper. If any one can give points on that motto it is Mr. Hunter, for he has the faculty of making his hens lay when the prices are highest. Last year 113 pullets and 12 Bantam hens, and is to be devoted entirely to the interest of persons raising poultry, on farms and in the suburbs of towns. 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Not Knowing.

I know not what shall befall me;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And makes me step in the wrong path.
He makes new scenes to arise,
And every joy He sends to me
Is a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me
Which I would fain follow;
But the past is still in the God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May be when I look near.

For perhaps the dreadful future
Is less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
I would rather trust to His hand,
Which will stand beside His brink.

It may be that He was waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall fully tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh! wistful, blissful ignorance!
It is blessed not to know;
It is sweet to still in the hand of God,
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
In the Bosom that loves me so.

So I go onward, not knowing—
I would not! I must;
I would rather walk with the dark with God
Than walk alone with the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

Somehow or Other.

Life has a burden for every one's shoulders,
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit as it close as the garment we wear;
Somebody else has the same burden,
Robbing the heart of its treasure of song,
Lovers grow cold, and our friendships are slighted
Yet, somehow or other we worry along.

Mild the sweet blossoms that smile in our faces,
Grown old are the weeds that war against us;
And in the midst of earth's beautiful places,
There's always a something that isn't just right;
And we must walk with the thorn and the flower,
Drink from a spring in a desolate waste,
They come to the heart like a heavenly dower,
And naught is so sweet to the eye or the taste.

Every day toll is an every day blessing,
Poverty's cross is a crown of gold;
We must stoop to the things which burdens are pressing,
But back is the heart that is strengthened by
prayer;
Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourned there was none to be
friend,
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

Brio-a-Brac.

We sat upon the topmost stage
And talked of this and that;
She asked me if I'd been away
And how I liked her hat.

We chatted about various things—
I mentioned a friend from East India mission;
For she was a missionary's daughter,
For years on almost every thing.

We were conversed together,
I asked what paper she preferred;
She hesitated some,
While through the dark around we heard
The soft "moo-cow" hum.

She moved a little closer then,
And answered: "Can't you guess?
Why, the one of all that suits me most
Is the "Daily Evening Press."

The canons of criticism are useful in
literary battles.
Names exclusively for the fair sex con-
stitute a non-men-clature.

Street Loafer—Hello, boy! what's new
in the paper to-day? Smart Newsboy—
The date.

He (rejected).—Well, you may go fun-
ther and fare worse. She—Yes, but
can't be done around here.

The average man at the summer resort
is like a lighted candle—the longer he
continues the "shorter" he grows.

Mr. Speaker, I've got the floor. So
perceive, sir, and if your feet were a lit-
tle larger you'd have the whole block.

As the butcher adds his pound to the
weight of the steak, he patiently slides to
the side of the scale, while a weight
man adds his.

A boy recently hung himself because
somebody found fault with him. The
boy was not born to be a country editor.

He—What did your pater say when you
told him we were engaged? She—Oh, you
must not ask me to repeat such language.

A correspondent suggests that John L.
Sullivan's bust be placed on the new cen-
t postage stamps. But Sullivan can
be licked.

"How Long Girls should be courted,"
is the title of an article in a Texas paper.
Very much the same as short girls, who
should say.

At school—Now, my little dears, can
you tell me the plural of child? Young-
ster—(frantically raising his hand)—Yes
sir!—

Gazzam—Do you know the favorite re-
sponse of the Prince of Wales? McCorkle—
No; what is it? Gazzam—It's the same
line between coronations.

She—Oh, see that scarecrow out there
in the field. He—That isn't a scarecrow
She—it must be. See how motionless it
is. He—That's the hired man.

Lady (horses running away)—Dear
dear, dear, what will become of me? New
Coachman (grimly)—Madam, it depends
on your past life. I'm all right.

He—Talking about names, I wish I
could get mine changed. I think it is too
ugly for anything. She (enthusiastic-
ly)—Oh, don't, I think it is just lovely.

Well, doctor, how did you enjoy your
journey? How did you like the savages?
Oh, they were very kind-hearted people
they wanted to keep me there for dinner.

Higgins—I heard you lost a plie of
change yesterday. Wiggins—You hear
right. Higgins—Were you a bull or a
bear? Wiggins—Neither. I was a jack-
ass.

Charley—I hear that you called at Mrs.
Sweetleigh's last evening. Did they re-
ceive you with open arms? Harry—No,
exactly; but they allowed me to depart
with open doors.

Tom (angrily)—Did you hear Dick call
me a fool? Harry—No; on the contrary
he paid you a compliment. Ah, what did
he say? He said that you were not the
only fool in the world.

Lady—Has any one called while I have
been out? Cook—Yes'ma; August Pon-
merman was here. Lady—I don't know
the gentleman. Cook—Not likely, ma'am
He only came to see me.

Dr. Quills—There is nothing serious
sir; your wife has only a little skin
rash, but her tongue. Mr. Hesper—
—End of her tongue! Great Scott! I didn't
know there was any end to it.

A girl caught the small pox on a Pacific
Mail steamer and her father has sued the
company for \$25,000. It is not enough
that the patient is pitted. Something
more substantial than pity is wanted.

It is claimed that a new discovery in
tanning will revolutionize the leather busi-
ness and make shoes five times as dur-
able as they are now. The revolution will
be not only in shoemaking, but in lashing.

In a French translation of "Macbeth"
the well known apostrophe, "Hail, Mac-
beth" was rendered, "Comment vous
portez-vous, M. Macbeth?" There is but
one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having
a pile of prescriptions, found one of them
the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the
cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh,
chills, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung
affections. He had used it for nervous
complaints, after having tested its wonderful
cure in the most difficult cases, and he
now makes it to make him thank his suffering
fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve
suffering, he writes, "I will send free of charge, to
any who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or
English, and will send free of charge, a prepa-
rating, sent by mail by addressing with stamp
the name of the patient, to Dr. J. C. Hayes, 146 Power
Block, Rochester, N. Y."

Save Your Hair
 By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.
 This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.
 "I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.
 "Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew
Thick and Strong.
 It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Fallowville, Texas.
 "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.
 "I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. E. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.
 PREPARED BY
 Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
 Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PUBLIC GUARANTY
SAVINGS BANK
NEWPORT, N. H.
 Guarantees 5 per cent. COMPOUND INTEREST
 Guaranty Fund, \$25,000; Deposits, \$150,000
 Began business Nov. 1, 1887.
 GEO. H. HARTLEY, Pres.,
 C. A. JOHNSON, Treas.,
 (formerly clerk in Barton National Bank)
DEPOSITS SOLICITED.
 Refer to Bank, Barton, Vt., with whom funds for deposit may be left. 18-61

HUNT'S REMEDY
 WILL CURE THE Kidney,
 REGULATE the Heart, and
 MAKE LIFE worth Living
 "You can't afford to be without it."

THE GREAT
German Remedy.
TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.
 For those deathly Bilious spells and constipated bowels, it will cure you.
 For your indigestion and flatulency and all the feeling, if, as we say, **SULPHUR BITTERS**, it will cure you.
 For the nervous and debilitated and those who are closely confined to bed, and who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use **SULPHUR BITTERS**. They will not then be weak and sickly.
 If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of **SULPHUR BITTERS** it never fails to cure.
 Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.
 Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use **SULPHUR BITTERS**.
 Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. OWBAY & Co, Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

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Another Dr
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DEATH STOR
Call and Get Pr
JUST C
Large Stock
 All Sizes, from
 Please give
 in want of
 goods. Very
N.
BA
 Keep Const
 Fruit of all Ki
 Salt, Nails, Crock
 Butter Tubs, Dr
 Dry Goods, Boots
 Valises, Umbrell
 Gossamers, &c., &
 Dried Berries and Mapl
 for goods.
 Barton, Vt., August 29, 1887

"New Store" - "New Store"
"New Store"
 "New Store" - "New Store"

The attention of
 our patrons is
 called to the fact
 that the "NEW
 STORE" is still the EMPORIUM, and that its
 already large stock is being constantly replen-
 ished and increased. We have added to our
 stock a few WATCHES which are a bargain
 for anybody desiring a timepiece; also other
 articles in the
 line of Jewelry.
 Our line of sum-
 mer goods for
 men, women and
 children is very
 full and complete.
 A large line of
 Hose and Under-
 wear, Hats, Caps,
 Boots and Shoes.
 Time and Space
 will not allow us
 to give a list of our
 show our entire stock.
 Please give us a call and we
 will do our best to please in goods
 and prices. Very respectfully,
I. Stephenson, Jr., Lowell

Where Latest Styles
BEST GOODS,
 —AND—
LOWEST PRICES
Are Always Found.
 You must examine the large stock of

NEW GOODS

Just opened for inspection at

ORCUTT'S
Cash Clothing Store

Would especially call attention to our

Men's Suits at \$6.50,
 —AND—
Boys' Suits, aged 12 to 18, \$4.50

Also two grades of ALL WOOL PANTS at \$1.00 and \$2.25. We have more than doubled our stock of Odd Pants, and can fit both body and mind.
 Remember we are agents for Dover Clothing Co. That we get clothes made in finest manner is guaranteed fit.

Neckties We can show you Neckties by the gross. **Neckties**

Full line of Gloves, Ask for the Capra at \$1.00 Kid Gloves, Light Weight Buck Gloves, Light Weight Baranac Gloves, Dog Skin Gloves. Inspect us! Critique us! Know us! and you will find we deal fair and save you dollars at

ORCUTT'S
Cash Clothing Store

O U R !

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O U R at

E, BARTON, VT

Prices Before Buying !

GOT IN,

Drain Pipe

m 2 to 12 inches.

me a call when
this class o
truly,

M. SCOTT

& HAMBLET

cantly on Hand

nds, Groceries, Flour

kery, Machine Mad

ugs and Medicines

and Shoes, Trunks

las, Rubber Coats

CC.

le Sugar wanted in exchange

1889.

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